

Canibus Lyrics

"Intro / The Brainstream"

[Professor]

I'm a University professor and so...haha
I'm always a University professor
so the most important people in this room are not us but the students
And I want to say to you kids who've come along
First of all, thanks very much for turning out
And secondly, think about what we're talking about
Because these are important issues
Even if they're not on the test
These are really important issues to you as a human being
And I hope that you won't... won't agree with me... won't agree with any of us
That you'll make your own minds up
But I hope you will think about them and talk about them

[Canibus]

Ay yo
One time for your M-I-N-D
Canibus, this is the brainstream
Two times for all of the MC's
Canibus, this is the brainstream
Brainstream nigga, yeah

[Canibus]

Uh-huh...uh-huh
Yo, Yo, Ayo
I spit so ferocious I can't stay focused
Watch the ambience of the tone switch
When I'm in mic mode, ELF overload
The proverbial verbal toe to toe, foot to your throat
Ding ding get in the ring nigga, answer your phone
Rap so sick the friction will leave your lips swole
Sippin on sour cold sauce syrup slow
Rippin the flow till your face looks like strawberry pulp
Scan your whole area code...call the crib like, "Is he home?"
Tell him to come alone and "click" phone
Spit rhymes and split skulls
Miserable pitbulls leave you with turnakit wrapped wrist bones
From Fort Hood to Fort Green
My metaphors bling, Lord of The Rings, I'm the thorazine king
Hold that... hold this... put the mic down before you catch thumbrosis
You holding a Cris? I'm in your house feeding your fish in your robe and slips
Holding your old ladies tit, frequent visitors stick a dick in her
Supreme lyricist with built antique twenty fusion inhibitors
Citizens scared of the minimum lyrical derivative forty-four curriculum
syllables caliber killing em
Damn nigga, what you think of him?
Feeling that nigga dun!

For real, cause that nigga been spittin for a minute son
They wanna get rid of him, that's why they belittle him on the mic
He ain't human, that's what I keep tellin them
If they don't wanna play him on FM then F-them
He don't care about them, the mic is his best friend
Throw a beat on and bless him
Battle... bring ya best men, XXL X-Men
My rap cracks the thermostat reset the temp at 180 degrees
Please, it's no sweat, all I need to know is where and when
Talk to my agent and make sure the craft service is Jamaican
Record through 32x lense, right brain connect with left hem
The REM is high res, my surveillance disrespect feds
Anti-social, dyslexic, doing CAT Scans at the pet shem
The MC mourtuary endorser, mortifier turns the audience to dismembered corpses
Slap bootleggers with a novelty tax, enforced by the Rap Coalition Poverty Act
Black balled, but whats it feel like not to be black?
Universal got my stock, I want my property back
Spit hard and never got a dime
Spit the hottest rhymes, in modern times and still got ostracized
For the intelligent community that reads my lyrics
What I've writting deserves a legional merrit
This is the precarious position of a rap star dead serious
With hilariously bizzare, share your verses with the gods
R-A-W-W-A-R, flow for 108 bars, I took nothing and gave all
Yo, look up in the sky
A burning star quasar when I rhyme
Artwork of an undetermined design
I still shine quoteables of an uncorrodable kind
Lightning bolt struck the pen and I wrote a few lines
The brainstream will be back online in due time

Brainstream Nigga!